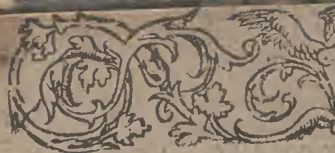


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Shakespeare's The Tr

H A M

Prince of

Enter Bernardo, and

Bar. VV Hise there
Fran. Nay answ
Bar. Long live t
Fran. Barnardo.

Bar. Hee.
Fran. Your come most carefull
Bar. Tis now strooke twelve, s
Fran. For this reliefe much th
And I am sick at heart.
Bar. Have you had quiet gu
Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.
Bar. Well, good night:

If you doe meete Horatio an
The riuals of my watch, bid

Enter Horatio
Fran. I thinke I heare them, st
Hora. Friends to this grou
Mar. And Leegemen to
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. O, farewell honest soul
Fran. Bernardo hath my place: